

YOU
& SOME
OTHERS



AGNESS GREENE FOSTER



JOHN HENRY NASH

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YOU
& SOME OTHERS
BEING POEMS FOR OCCASIONS
BY AGNES GREENE POSTER

FRONTISPIECE
MY LADY'S GARDEN—J. YOUNG HUNTER
TATE GALLERY—LONDON
ILLUSTRATING "THE GARDEN OF MY HEART"
SEE PAGE 39



PAUL ELLER & COMPANY
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GIVEN BY THE GARDEN OF MY HEART
SEE PAGE 1

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THE DECORATIONS BY
WILL JENKINS



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DEDICATION "YOU"

WHAT IS THIS "YOU" I LOVE SO WELL
WHOSE FACE AND FORM FOREVER DWELL
WITHIN MY HEART?
IS IT THE FACE THAT MAKES YOU "YOU,"
WITH SMILES THAT THRILL ME THROUGH AND
THROUGH
THOUGH WE'RE APART?

OR IS'T THE FORM WHICH COMES TO VIEW,
THAT SEEMS SO MUCH A PART OF YOU
I LOVE SO DEAR?
AH, NO! WERE BOTH SOME OTHER THING,
STILL IF TO ME YOUR HEART 'T WOULD BRING,
O NEVER FEAR —

I'D KNOW IT WELL; SINCE ALL THAT'S BEST,
AND SWEET AND PURE, THAT IN YOU REST,
IS MIND ABOVE.
FOR WHEN GOD THOUGHT OF SOMETHING
TRUE,
HIS ANGELS CAME STRAIGHTWAY TO YOU —
THE "YOU" I LOVE.

PREFACE

As the requests of so many good friends have made necessary still another edition of "You & Some Others," I have revised the poems of the first edition and have added a number of new ones, rearranging them all under different heads so that they may be readily selected for reading, reciting or inscribing in gift books or upon greeting cards for holidays, birthdays and other occasions.

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CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

AVERY day is a King's Birthday
When Love is born.
And best of all along life's way
The King comes in to rest and stay,
When Love is born,
When Love is born.

We must not sigh nor question why
When Love is born—
So small a part to us is given;
Love is enough! For that is heaven!
When Love is born,
When Love is born.

Ring out, O bells! 'Tis Christmas Day
In one glad heart;
For the Christ-child comes adown this way,
And whene'er He comes, 'tis a King's
Birthday,
For Love is born,
For Love is born.

THE TRUE GREETING

NAR more than the words, "Merry
Christmas"
You'll find hidden within this short
line.


For 't was Love that prompted the sending
Of this message to you — friend of mine.

WHEN TWILIGHT FALLS


AS THE twilight fades at evening
And the cares of day are done,
Then I think of friends and name
them,—
In the silence,—one by one.

Then again at day's beginning,
Do I think of each in this way,
And the love I thus have garnered
I send on Christmas Day.

YOUR RIGHT

 HE wish I send on Christmas
Day
Was yours before, is yours
always.

NOT FOR ONE DAY ALONE

'  IS not for one day only
I send you greetings dear —
May every day mean Christmas
Through all the soul-filled year.

WITH A CHRISTMAS BOOK

A CHRISTMAS might be Christmas
Without a thing to cook,
But, oh, the joyless Christmas
Without, at least, one book.

NEW YEAR WISHES

A NEW YEAR'S PROPHECY

I KNOW
That all the new years
And the old
Shall hold for you
Bright cups of gold
Filled high with
Love and plenty.

For 'tis with years
As 't is with you —
There is no old
There is no new —
Love is at sixty
As at twenty.

KISMET

GOUR kismet reads
Like a magic tale,
Your bark sails safe—
You have naught to fear.
You'll have wisdom and strength
For each day's cruise,
And a Master-Helmsman
That is always near.

FOR ALL TIME

DAY every day
In every year
Be crowded full
Of love and cheer
For thee and thine,
Dear friend of mine.

VALENTINES

MY WISH FOR YOU

ALTHOUGH I know God blesses all
His children here, both great and
small,
It helps to banish human fear,
To say to you — “God bless you, dear.”

And so I call across the sea,—
Which cannot separate from me
The Love that keeps us ever near,—
God bless you, dear, God bless you, dear.

And as the miles between have grown
I feel your warm hand clasp my own;
Nor miles nor moments can efface
The love that doth us both embrace.

Across the mountain peak of snow,
And great divide, as on I go,
I hear your voice call strong and clear,
“God bless you, dear, God bless you, dear.”

WHAT HUMAN LOVE MAY DO

O SCOFFERS of this thought divine,
If you but knew the seeds that fall
From what seems love of sentiment,
But which grows Love that's all in
all,—

You'd scatter them both far and wide,
Nor be surprised, when lo, you'd find
The dear old world was not half bad,
And all your friends had grown more kind!

TELL ME TRUE

TELL me, dear one, tell me true,—
I'll guard the secret with loving
care:—
How did the angels know 't was you,
When they filled your heart with love so
rare?

A HEART

SOMETHING went out of my life
to-day,
Something subtle—what can it be?
Like the lilt of a laugh, or the sun's
bright ray,
Or the scent of the rose that recalls you to me.
You stopped long enough to steal off my heart;
Did you take it forever or only for play?
If you feel how it weighs when we are apart,
You will bring it back safe to me some day.

EASTER GLADNESS

BLOSSOMS

HE IS risen! Truth is risen!
The stone has been rolled away,
And Christ is revealed in each
blossom,
Where once we saw only the clay.

Each bud is a living tribute
To God, who does all things well.
He made each flower in the garden,
And all have His praises to tell.

And the buds and the leaves and the
blossoms,
And the blades of the grass in the sod,
Proclaim:—"We are not of earth, earthy,
For we are the smiles of our God."

EASTER LILIES

EASTER Lilies, so fresh and fair,
You are the emblems of Love
Divine;
Symbols of Life and comfort and
hope,
Truth shines out from your petals white;
All that is mighty and pure and true
Rises to-day in every land.
All the dark shadows from death are torn,
Beautiful blossoms, this Easter morn.

FLOWERS

INSTEAD of a flower that fadeth,
Undying thoughts I send,
To bear the precious tidings
Of a risen Saviour and Friend.

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT

IT TOOK centuries of prophecy,
And a King in a manger born,
To wake a world that slumbered
To greet an Easter morn.

It took a crown of sorrows,
A cross, a Calvary,
To form the shadow background
For that reality.

The light of Truth Triumphant,
The splendor of its ray,
The transcendental grandeur
That makes an Easter Day.

RISEN THIS EASTER DAY

GOU shared my joy when the King was
born,
And we named it the Christ-Thought
Day;

You followed close when my feet were torn,
On the straight and rugged way.

You shared with me my failures, friend,

Now sing your gladdest lay;

For my King was dead, the whole world said,—

BUT HE'S RISEN THIS EASTER DAY.

He will live in our hearts through eternity,

He will lift our cares away;

E'en though we fall, He will hear, *if* we call,

FOR HE'S RISEN THIS EASTER DAY.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS


LIFE'S DIAL

WOULD you count your days
By your heart throbs true?
Count the years that pass
By the deeds you do.

Would you live the most
By the bravest test?
Then count by the thoughts
That are noblest — best.

On life's dial clear
Let each figure be
Expressed by the acts
That are fair to see.

YOUR MILLENNIUM

 HERE are no metes and bounds to
time,
There is no vast forever yet to come;
Eternity, not time is now,
To-day is your millennium.

FRIENDSHIP

TO FRIENDSHIP

FRRIENDSHIP is so rare a thing,
I'm loath to bid you pledge your-
selves with me,
Lest I might fail mine own high
ideal of it.

Perhaps no word is so misused,
For few have learned to think
In friendship's tongue.
Our greatest fault,—'tis so in every clime,—
We seek the thing, not try to be it.
In other words, it is the vogue,—
This wild mad search for one to love us;
Instead of earning love by selfless giving.
The truest way, the only way, indeed,
To have a friend, then, is to be one.
Just love! Love something, some one,
And friends will flock
Like snow-birds to the window ledge
Where lies the crumb.
Young men and maidens, let me pray
You so to live that at a future day

Some friend may truly of you say:
"Infinitely better
Than all the gold of Orient,
Or costly gem of deepest mine,
Is the warm heart glow that came to me
From those staunch, loyal words of thine."
Or, if gift of friendship comes your way,
Then you'll be able thus to say:
"Of all the gifts of all the years,
None ever cause such smiles, such tears
As thy friendship—friend;
The eye grows bright, the heart leaps fast,
To know thy love and friendship last
Without an end.
It ne'er began, it never ends,
We always were and will be friends
Throughout eternity.
E'en when we pass to other clime
I'll understand, sweet friend of mine,
Your loving loyalty."

* * * * *

Pledge me to-night,
Friends true to be. There is no greater

Fealty!

**Rich is that life and wide its fame,
Which through all time one friend can claim,
One friend who meriteth the name!**

THE ENNOBLING POWER OF FRIENDSHIP

WHEN fancy brought you to my
thought,
There fell from me all worldly care;
Then I,—in happy spirit,—sent
Far out across the miles, a prayer:
A prayer of thankfulness and love,
A prayer that friendship such as yours
Might grow in every heart, above
All other passions, and endure
“Till man shall know that God is Love.”

THE GARDEN OF MY HEART

MY GARDEN is my inmost heart.
Above
Floats Friendship like a perfume o'er
each plot;

'Tis watered by that pleasant fountain, Love,
Near whose cool splash, whene'er the day is
hot,

I rest. My pergola is hid in shade.

From out this bower I send rare buds to you,
And if you let them bloom they'll never fade,—
These blossoms bright, of varied form and
hue,—

So subtle is their fragrance and their charm
Commingled with their emblematic scheme,
They'll waft me you-ward, causing no alarm,
Whilst you will fancy it is but a dream.

Can you divine, my friend, the reason why?
These flowers I send are thoughts—they can-
not die.

KEEP LOVE BRIGHT

ON LIFE'S clear page,
Oh, each day write
Some golden word
To keep love bright;
And the book ne'er close.

FOR CHILDREN

JUST THINK

NO TIME to read?
No time to pray?
Yet time to smile?
You've time to eat,
You've time to drink,
You've time to dress,
Could you not think
Of God the while?

NO FEAR

O H, HELP me keep
Thine image clear;
To know the Truth,
To have no fear.

KEEP ME SIMPLE

OH, KEEP me simple, Lord,
I pray,
Make me of use to Thee,
each day.

THE EYES OF A CHILD

O EYES of childhood, innocent and pure,
True emblem of the spirit light divine,
No human thought can ever you
outshine,
Because Eternal Love shall e'er endure.

Frail error wields no power you to allure,
Divinely fair, from infinite design;
False time can change you not, nor make
repine;
With constant luster there — Truth shines
secure.

Naught can e'er change Perfection's mighty
plan;
Years cannot fade yon heaven's perfect blue —
Nor marble change without the sculptor's hand.

Abide in Light, which nothing dims nor can;
Brave, tender eyes, deny what is untrue,
For God designed you — perfect shall ye stand.

LIFE & WORK

WEAVING OF LIFE'S FABRIC

WOULDST have the fabric of thy life
wrought in rare and beauteous
design?

Watch, then, with unceasing vigi-
lance, the silver shuttle of speech as it flies
from the loom of thought.

Upon the oft recurring of the golden thread of
Love depends the beauty and the splendor of
Life's fabric.

Not here, not there a tiny gleam, nor yet in
monstrous patches with yards of sombre hue
between.

That Life shows best whose thread of Love
shines oft and even through each day's weave.
Thine may of scarlet be—bright as the poppy's
head—yet if on closer, nearer view the warp
be gold,

'Tis tempered into harmony.

Though colorless and gray the fabric seems to
careless eyes,

Yet, at close range, if the gold thread of Love
there gleams, 't will warmer grow;
And red and gray, when touched by the sun-
light's glow, will melt all mingling into one.

To One alone 'twas given to weave His life in
cloth of gold — All Love.

Him wouldst thou follow? Of a surety, then,
constant thou must be.

Weave what thou wilt, but let there ever be
Bright scrolls of gold on silvered ground,
With here a thread of royal blue and there a
purple strand.

And yet the silver shuttle's prone to slip —
Guard well thy thought, thy tongue, thy lip!

GROWTH

O TEACHER and poet, the keen unrest
Your songs awoke in an anxious
breast,
Is bearing fruit, in these after years,
Of peace and joy and rest from fears.
How little we know in the early spring,
What the summer days to our hearts will bring.
'T was then but the words our senses smote
Of beauty and feeling, when you wrote:
" 'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking."
But now, now in the forever day,
In the knowledge of God, as in sun's rays
basking,
Though we still feel the Art of the songs so rare
You sang,—now the meaning lies bare:
The seeds of Truth are worth the sowing
When God may be had by simply knowing.

NAMING A MASTERPIECE

DEATH cannot stay thy hand, O sculptor great!
There is but one almighty power that can

Create (not cause to cease); and thou in it
Shalt live alway to carve on stone or heart
Some other, greater work of art. Hence do
I name thy masterpiece—(expression of
The spark divine in thee)—not “Fate”—not
“Death”—

But “Life.” What could it other be? Since
naught

Thy Sculptor made can crumble or decay;
For thou wast fashioned after model true.
Now thy strong thought which wrought it into
stone,
Still lives and works and loves in endless Life.

The figure on the Adams Monument, Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C., has been variously interpreted, although Saint-Gaudens gave no name to it.—C. LEWIS HIND.

THE PAINTING OF LIFE'S DAY

WOULDST have each day like gleam of
color bright,
Whilst filling in the outlines of a Life?
Then never from the canvas turn away
When shadows only seem to darken all
'Round fancy's sight. O search for the true light;
Nor wait to wish for subtler shades to-day.
Couldst better blend the tint of yon blue sky,
By wondering why thou canst not with one stroke
Paint bow that glows on heaven's ethereal arch?
Yet all unlike Prometheus rash,—thou mayst,—
(As one who hath dominion,) learn to catch
Rare hues of great divinity, and thus
Create what's right for thee to think or paint.
'T was ever thus with tasks that seem less great;
The larger thoughts ne'er come to those who wait
To count what they call failures, o'er and o'er,
For we are told that even shadows gray,
Looked at in light, make life's dull canvas bright.
Then waste not precious hours in useless dreams
When every second may be put to gain.

STRENGTH & COMFORT

ALL

THE strength of the strong
is Love,
The righting of wrong
is Love;
The good that we give
is Love,
The Life that we live
is Love.
The measure of time
is Love,
The height that we climb
is Love;
The way we must trod
is Love,
The Soul which is God
is Love.

JUST KNOW


HOW shall I overcome the fear
That all's not well with those most
dear,
When tempests rage and wild winds
blow?

How shall I know? How shall I know?

Just know no harm comes anywhere,
For all are in God's loving care.
These are the thought seeds we must sow,
If we would know. If we would know.

Just know God's promise never fails,—
It matters not how fear assails,
Yet we can pray and, praying, grow;
Then we shall know. Then we shall know.

THOUGHT

 HIS blessed promise Love has
taught:
“No evil can pollute thy thought;”
Oh, join, ye nations, in the telling,
For what is thought, if not our dwelling?

HIS HAND

HOLD fast to His hand,
Draw it ever to you;
Though the nails that pierced His
Pierce thine own through and
through.

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH

O HIM that overcometh
Dominion shall be given.
He shall inherit all things
For which his heart hath striven,
If he but overcometh.

LIFE

WHY are you still in sorrow unbelieving?
Who in all else were ever strong and true?

Why do you thus forget in useless
grieving
That all God's promises were made for you?

The dust you laid away is not God's likeness,
But she, His image still, can never be
Aught but His child. This thought shall bring
new brightness
To fill your heart if you but try to see.

She knows there is no grave nor any changing;
And if you will but turn from sorrow's strife
You'll understand there can be no deranging
Of God's Great Plan, which is unending Life.

L'ENVOI Revelation xxii: 5.

CAN there be hate? Can there be
night?
Where Love's the Way and God
the Light?

Can there be aught but joy and peace
Where gladness reigns and sorrows cease?
Can there be loss, or great or small
Where God is All and in His All?

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